

[**confessions in the dark by orphan_account**](#)

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler was trans.

He, himself, didn't really mind the fact that he was. As he had had enough time to accept himself. He had even felt happy that he had found just the right words to put into how he was feeling. No, it was more so the fact of what people would do to him if he was ever outed. Most didn't take kindly to those who were gay. And Mike couldn't really even imagine what they would do to people that were trans like him. Even thinking about it sent shivers down his spine

confessions in the dark

Author's Note:

alt title: theyre trans karen
i should have just named it that but you know,,

Mike shifts uncomfortably on the floor. He has been unable to sleep for days as something is always on his mind, eating away at him. He wraps the sleeping bag tighter around his form as the sudden feeling of exposure ripples throughout his body. He shivers, tapping his fingertips against the cold wooden planks of Will Byers' floor. He was currently partaking in one of their monthly sleepovers. And usually, Mike would be fast asleep. They would be halfway throughout one of the few movies Will had on VHS (or one that Mike brought from home) and Mike would be all buddled into a burrito of blankets when his eyes would flutter close and he'd be knocked out in seconds.

Will would then tease him for it the next morning. It was nothing too serious, just small jabs at him. "Get your well-needed beauty sleep, hm?" was a favorite of Will's. Mike would laugh it off, sometimes giving Will a weak punch on his arm. "Yeah, I did, what about you?" was Mike's usual response. Yet, tonight instead of Mike falling sound asleep in mere seconds, it was Will. Like they had reversed roles somehow. Although Mike knew this was far from the truth. he knew every well why he couldn't sleep. It was because of three words that were engraved to the back of his eyelids. He was reminded of these words everytime his eyes would close.

He was trans.

He, himself, didn't really mind the fact that he was. As he had had enough time to accept himself. He had even felt happy that he had found just the right words to put into how he was feeling. No, it was more so the fact of what people would do to him if he was ever outed. Most didn't take kindly to those who were gay. And Mike couldn't really even imagine what they would do to people that were trans like him. Even thinking about it sent shivers down his spine.

Yet, it was killing him that he couldn't say anything to anyone. The

dysphoria was already enough for him to deal with but the pain of keeping such a huge secret from Will, his best friend since kindergarten someone he told everything to, was something that seemed much harder to manage.

He shuffles quietly, the sleeping bag crinkling as he does so. Suddenly his face was burning and his palms were sweaty. he swallowed the metaphoric lump in his throat, for some reason deeply craving a glass of water. He stood up and slowly removed himself from the sleeping bag that he had wrapped around him not so long ago. Mike reaches for the door, physically cringing as a loud creak fills the previously silent air. Mike stand frozen, quietly praying Will hadn't woken up because of the noise.

The sound of the bed springs creaking makes Mike jump in his skin. "..Who is it?" Will says in a sleepy voice that was laced with a subtle hint of alarm. Mike lets out a breath he didn't even know he was holding. "Its just me" Mike says, fidgeting a bit. "Oh," Will calls out with a sense of relief, "What are you doing up...?" from what Mike can see, Will starts to sit up on his bed, his face directing toward Mike's form.

Mike stiffens, subconsciously chewing at his cheek. "I uhhh," Mike begins, stuttering as, the ability to form words with his mouth seeming to escape him at the moment. "I couldn't sleep." he finishes after a second of planning out his words.

Will shifts on his bed, Mike can tell from Will's form wiggling in the dark. "Nightmare?" he says simply. Mike shakes his head before it dawns on him that Will probably can't see him very well, so he tacks on a "no" at the end.

"Then what?" Mike can tell Will's concerned from his tone. Mike closes the door behind him. He shuffles toward Will's bed, taking a seat next to him. Bringing up his socked feet up and crossing his legs. Will straightens his posture to accommodate for Mike's newfound spot on his bed.

Mike runs his hand through his jet-black hair out of nervousness. He sinks in a bit more into the bed. "Do you promise not to hate me?" Mike says meekly, crosses his arms and looks towards Will although

he really can't see much of him. "Yeah, course." he replies with a sense of surprise in his voice, almost as if saying 'I could never hate you'.

Mike hesitates, chewing on his bottom lip. 'This is it,' he thinks, he had hoped to be able to keep the secret longer. But, he was way too burned out both from not getting enough sleep and from hiding himself from everyone to make up a convincing lie. Will, who senses his hesitation, gets closer and puts an arm over his shoulders.

"Hey, it's okay. I won't be mad, just tell me." Will softly says. Quickly tacking on "If you want to, of course."

Mike sniffles as he prepares to release everything he had kept within him for what felt like centuries. "I'm trans," his throat felt as if it was closing up as he tries not to choke on his words "and... I like boys." he decides to end off on.

Will wriggles a bit, his arm never leaving Mike's shoulders even though Mike was sure he would push him off his bed in disgust. After a moment of silence, Will speaks up. "Can I tell you something?" Will asks as if trying the air that surrounds them. "...Sure," Mike says, still slightly in shock. "Me too. I'm also..." he stops and lets out a breath. "I'm also trans," he says, and Mike can sense the smile in his voice.

The sun is peeking out from Will's bedroom curtains, a small dim ray of light illuminating the room. Will has a gentle smile on his face and his eyes seem joyful even. Mike lets out a choked gasp and hugs Will tightly.

"It feels so good to let it out you know?" Mike whispers against Will's shoulder. Tiny tear droplets make their way down his face and onto Will's oversized white shirt. "Yes." Will wraps his arms around Mike's back and closes his eyes.

"What do you want me to call you?" Will questions as Mike's head rests on his shoulder. "Mike," he replies. "And you?" Will chuckles softly. "Will"

"Hi Will." "Hey, Mike."

Will leans his face on Mike's. A soft pink blush spreads across his face as he plants a quick kiss on Mike's cheek. Mike lets out a quiet squeak. "Sorry!! I just-" Will begins but Mike shuts him up when he presses his lips on Will's. It was fast and ended just as quickly as it began. But, Will treasured that kiss. "I love you," Mike mumbles, shutting his eyes as he drifts off. But, just before he falls asleep, Will whispers out, "I love you too."

And at that moment, Mike felt nothing but pure love for the boy that embraced him so. That morning at the Byers' home was a morning that Mike would never forget. Not for a long time.